## SWEET FIELDS OF CANAAN

People Who Fraternize With the Inhabitants of Jordan's Stormy Banks.

A SPIRITUALISTIC FANATIC.

Marriage in the Spirit Land-A Colored Ghost in an Ulater-Discovered By a Dream-Phantoms.

They Marry in Spirit Land. San Francisco Examiner: There was a fair attendance at the spiritualists' camp meeting in Oakland last evening. J. J. Morse was present and spoke in his entertaining strain. Several questions were propounded. Among them the question, "How do a divorced husband and wife meet in the spirit land?" to which Mr. Morse, in an eloquent manner which many pronounced inspirational, answered that there would be reconcili stion and happiness. "Do they marry on the other side?" was another question. The answer was: "Yes, and the result is greater happiness than in this world, When praying, to whom should we address our prayers?" was another. "To the spirit of our father, or mother, or other dear departed friend," was the

Mozart's Spirit Appears. San Francisco Examiner: The Spiritualist's camp-meeting on the shores of Lake Merrit, Oakland, presented an ani-mated appearance all day yesterday. The morning was devoted to a fact-meet-ing, in which numerous facts, tests and phenomena were recounted by prom-inent mediums, including Mrs. Cook Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Wilson, and Mrs. Waisbroker. A vocal solo, "My Mother, Waisbroker. A vocal solo, "My Mother, Home and Heaven,," was sung by Mrs. Alexander. Julia Legal, a little blind girl of about eight years of age, was conducted to the piano, and though she had never received any musical instruction, played an air from Mozart, during which Mrs. Stevens, in clairvoyant condition, described the appearance of the spirit, which corresponded with that of the which corresponded with that of the great composer.

A Colored Ghost in an Ulster. St. Paul Globe: A man with a mystery has at last been found. He is a colored man, and is gigantic in size. Who he is where he lives or what his business is, no one has yet been able to find out. Every morning, a few moments before 6 o'clock no matter what the weather is, he takes his stand on the corner of Washington and Seventh avenues South, and remain there about one hour, gazing up Seventh avenue into space. Every morning for the past year he has stood there. One of his peculiarities is that he wears a heavy ulster reaching down to his heels, a big fur can and a pair of red ear muffs Several persons have tried to enter into conversation with this strange being but no one has ever heard him say s word. Some days ago he was followed up Seventh avenue half a block, and just as his pursuers were about to touch him on the shoulder and speak to him he "suddenly disappeared, as though he had melted away in the air." Men who have passed the place late at night tell strange stories of weird figures floating aroun and uncanny noises that are heard, but whether these things have any connec tion with the strange being who stands on the corner every morning remains to

Spirits Directed Her.

Brooklyn Eagle: The novel question of probating a will without a signature engaged the attention of Surrogate Weller, at Jamaica, yesterday. The will is that of Miriam Haines, who bequeathed her property to relatives in the regular line of descent. When she executed this testament she was of sound mind. Shortly before her death she got posses-sion of the will and destroyed the signature by tearing it from the paper. At this time it is claimed that she was hope essly insane. Miss Susan Pearsall gave testimony this morning, as others had done before, which leaves no doubt of the testatrix's mental incapacity. cording to the testimony of Mrs. Pear-sall, who took care of Mrs. Haines, she imagined that her existence was controlled by spirits, and she would do nothing without referring the subject to the spirits for approval. When asked why she had removed the signature from th will, she replied that the spirits had told her at first to burn it, but when they merely to tear off the signature, and gave found she had not done so they told her her an awful scolding for disobedience. She could not be induced to go to her meals with the family, nor to bed without first obtaining the spirits' permission, and when it was refused she would fast and go without sleeping until brought to it by exhaustion. The hearing was not concluded. The will was not contested, all of the heirs being satisfied.

A Watchman's Ghost.

Williamsport (Pa.) Grit: For the past month or so a ghost story has been going the rounds of Sterling Run. Billy Carlisle, while walking the track as night watchman, first saw his ghostship one moonlight night about three weeks Billy is not superstitious and don't elieve in ghosts, but he says if there are such things it was one he saw near the splash-dam. It came down the track within three feet of him, and when directly opposite disappeared mysteriously and noiselessly. It was like a very small man carrying a lantern. week two or three young ladies were scared near the same spot by the same but have paid no attention to them until lately. In the year 1868 a watchman named

John King was run over by the night express near the spot where his ghost-ship is seen, and was killed. King was supposed to have been intoxicated at the time, he and a man named Gillespie had been quarreling during the evening and threatening each other. Gillespie lived in a house near the crossing, which has since been torn down by William Berry and moved away. Lights have been seen to start up about midnight from the site of the old dwelling and move down the railroad to where this man was killed and disappear. King was en-gaged to be married to a girl in Luzern county, and had a letter written in his pocket to send her when he was killed. She has often advised him to quit drink-ing, and being killed while intoxicated has caused the discontented spirit of the dead to return to the scene of his death.

A Spiritualistic Fanatic.

From the Alta California: An interesting case was reviewed yesterday in an opinion rendered by the supreme court. The title of the suit is Jane N. Couner against Lee Stanley, administrator of the cetate of William Jarvis. According to the testimony introduced during the trial of the case in the superior court of Sacramento county, these were the circum-stances: On June 21, 1882, Jarvis entered into a written contract with Jane Conner, promising to marry her, and granting her \$10,000 in bonds of the Na-toma Water and Mining company. She remained single, but he failed to marry er. It seems that Jarvis was seventy two years of age, and mentally and physically feeble: His wife died in August, 1881, a few months before the con-tract was entered into. He had lived a quiet life at Folsom, and had accumulated considerable property. Spiritualism had grown upor him, however, until it be-

against certain persons he would say:
"It will be all right in the next world; they are spiritualists." His peculiarities were numerous. He sold a farm for \$2,000, to be paid for in installments of \$200 a year without interest, when he had been offered \$250 a year for the rent of the place. Th chaser of the place was a spiritualist Jarvis' next antic was to invest several thousand dollars in mines under the advice of "spirits." On another occasion he offered a lady \$1,500 if she would attend seances and become a medium. Very strange was his conduct during the illness of his wife. "Spirits" said she would die, and he would therefore have nothing to do with doctors. He objected to cooking in the house, as the smell would keep out the spirits. All the win-dows and doors were left open to give the spirits a chance to enter. It is need-less to state that Mrs. Jarvis did not survive the spiritualistic treatment. Jarvis became acquainted with the Conner woman in this city. He persuaded her to accompany him to Folsom, and as an inducement gave her \$50 a month. After his death the woman presented her claim to the administrator of the estate, but i was not paid. She then commenced the action to recover the \$10,000 promised in the contract. The Sacramento superior court rendered a decision in favor of the plaintiff. The supreme court affirms this judgment.

Discovered by a Dream.

Banner of Light: The happiest family at Williamsburg may be found at the home of Jacob Fehlinger, a shoemaker. Twenty-two years ago pretty, blackeyed twelve year old Caroline Fehlinger left her parent's house on the corner of Eighth avenue and Twenty-eighth street, New York, to go to school. She lost her way. A policeman found her in this plight and took her to the station house. She said her father's name was "Fedinger," but she could not tell where she lived. The directory was consulted, out no such name could be found, and no one coming to claim her she was sent to Randail's island. This is her story. The parents were distracted with Detectives were put on the case and advertisements were inserted in all the papers. The search was prosecuted for a long time, until \$3,000, the savings of a life of hard labor, were exhausted. As years passed they lost hope, and finally resigned themselves to the hope that she was dead. Little Carrie remained on the island. After being there five months she was adopted by a Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and went to live with them. In 1878 the Brown family removed to the west and Carrie refused to go. She went to live with General Corls' family, and afterward with them to Virginia, where she remained five years. Then they re-turned to Brooklyn. When they got back she left them, and opened a dressmaking establishment next to their ouse. Five years ago she married Mr. H. Bennett and went to live with him. wo months ago she dreamed about her parents and that they were living in Brooklyn. She told a man her dream. He asked the father's name and how i was spelled.

"If it is a German name it should be spelled 'Fehlinger,' and not 'Fedinger,'

he said.

The directory was consulted, and the name Jacob Fehlinger was found. The missing girl now grown into womanhood, called at the place. An elderly lady with gray hair admitted her. Mother and daughter were face to face, but neither recognized the other. The girl then confronted her mother and said she was her long-lost daughter. Mrs. Fehlinger refused to recognize her as such until some other identification could be given. Caroline, after a few moments esitation, remembered that at the time of her disappearance she had a small bureau, some dishes and a doll. The identity was sufficient, and mother and daughter embraced. The little bureau was still preserved, and stood in one corthe room. Mr. Fehlinger, the girl's father, was summoned, and he at once recognized his missing daughter. The girl then related the story of her disappearance, as told above. She is now living in happiness with her aged father and mother.

## PRINCES AS PIVOTERS.

The Prince of Wates and the Crown Prince of Austria Dance.

At the Austro-Hungarian ball, says the London correspondent of the New York Sun, I saw the prince of Wales gayly dancing, and paid strict attention to him, thinking that Americans, who only hear of the prince as laying corner-stones, might like to know how he acted when amusing himself. Before the prince arrived the shining floor was covered and dancing was vigorous. It was jerky, however, for there were numerous false alarms of the prince's arrival, and for each alarm the musicians dropped whatever tune they had in hand, waltz or polka, and left the dancers standing while they struck up "God Bless the Prince of Wales." When the prince did come, accompanied by the Crown Prince of Austria, I think he disappointed the majority of those, among whom were many Americans, who saw him for the first time. A passage was formed through the crowd, and the princes seemed quite contented with the role of curiosities in which they found themselves.

The prince of Austria wore a gay and tight fitting suit of red Hussar regimentals, with a white cape hanging from his shoulders. His air was a jaunty and military one, like that of his father, and he was much more up to the mark as a regulation prince than his royal highness of Wales. The latter was dressed in black, with tight breeches of silk. His face was rather flabby. His eyes were not very handsome, having the appearance of being swollen, underneath, bu he was evidently good natured, tremen duously popular and, as an American friend admirably remarked, most thoroughly at home, if ever a man in the world was at home. Without any loss of time he led out by the hand Countess Parolyl, the beautiful young wife of the Austrian embassador, and the royal quadrille was formed. From the moment it started all surroundings reminded me forcibly of a ball at the grand opera house, Paris, where two celebrated French women had threatened the ing with their toes, to the great delight

The English crowd pressed and squeezed to get a look at the legs of his Royal Highness, and they followed the music just as the opora crowd had struggled for a look at the flying limbs of L Gouine or her nimble sister; but of course the dancing was different. It was very stately, and the prince danced well. From an American girl I got facts which a man's eyes do not see. She said if the prince did not admire the Countess Karolyi it was no fault of the countess for never had she seen a more noble ef-fort to please or eyes used to better advantage. She did not think the average American girl would like the prince, e seemed so perfectly well satis fied with himself, and took everything for granted; all of which, I am sorry to say, did not prevent my American friend from abandoning all else and seeing nothing but royal dancing when royal

dancing was going on.
After the royal quadrille there was
dancing of nutional dances by the Hungarian nobles who were present, by which the Prince of Wales seemed greatly entertained. Hungarian dancing seemed principally to consist in hopping up and down on the heels with great vigor.

Ladies who experience a sense of weak ness and sometimes lameness of the back should use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strength-ening Cordial and Blood Purifier, it will supply the much needed strength and overcome all weakening irregularities.

THE CUNNING OF THE SPIDER

History of His Ways and Curious Characteristics.

INSECT. AN INDUSTRIOUS

He is Remarkable as an Architect and an Uphoister-He Provides For Himself, His Family and Their Future.

M. R. H. in Boston Herald: Among the many things that the approach of summer brings for one to enjoy, or to be a source of annoyance, is the spider. The spider family is very numerous, no less than fifty kinds being described by naturalists. All spiders have eight legs, with three joints in each and terminating in thin, crooked claws. They have also eight eyes, differently arranged according to the species. Some have them in a straight line, others in the shape of a capital V, others four above and four below, others two above, two below and two on either side, and there are still others that have them arranged in a manner too complicated to describe without drawings. On the front part of the head they have a pair of sharp, crooked claws, or forceps, which stand horizontally, and which, when not in use, are nidden from view in little cases beautifully adapted for their reception, and in which they fold up like a claspknife and remain there between two rows of teeth. When the spider bites it thrusts a white pro boses out of its mouth, with which it instils a poisonous liquid into the wound. The abdomen, or hind part of the spider, is separated fro.n the head and breast by a small, thread-like tube. The outer skir is a hard, polished crust.

A very curious specimen not often found in this country, but which is said to be very common in Italy, is the hunting spider, so called because, instead of spinning webs to entrap its prey, it jumps on its victim. It is small, and of brown color, beautifully spotted, and its hind legs are longer than the others. When it sees a fly three or four yards distant, it plans its attack with considerable deliberation, creeping softly up and seldom missing its object. When in a direct line, the spider springs upon the back of the unsuspecting fly and catches it by the head, and, after satisfying its bunger, carries the rest away for further consumption.

FILLING ITS LARDER. The nest of this spider is very curious. It is about two inches high, and is composed of a close, satin-like texture. In this are two chambers, placed perpendic-ularly, in which the spider reposes during the day, generally doing his hunting after nightfall. The parent regularly instructs her young how to pursue their future vocation, and when in the course of their instruction they happen to miss a jump, they run away and hide as though ashamed of their failure.

The most extraordinary nest is that of the mason spider, a native of the tropics. This nest is formed of very hard clay, deeply colored with oxide of iron. It is in the form of a tube, about one men in diameter and six or seven inche long. It is lined with uniform tapestry of orange-colored silken web, of a texture rather thicker than fine paper. This lining is used in two ways. It prevents the wall of the house from falling down, and, as it is connected with the door, a enables the spider to know what is going on above, for the whole vibrates when one part is touched. To one who has never seen this nest the word door may seem singular, but, nevertheless, there ingeniously contrived one, too, and it is regarded as one of the most curious things in the whole of insect architecture. It is a little round piece, made to fit the opening, slightly convex on the inside and concave on the ntside It is composed of twelve of more layers of web similar to that with which the nest is lined, laid very closely together, and so managed that the inner layers are the broadest, the others gradually diminishing in size, except near the hinge, which is about an inch long. Al the layers are united and prolonged into the tube, consequently it is the firmest and strongest portion of the whole structure. The material is so elastic that the hinge shuts as though it had a spring.

AN INGENIOUS NEST. The nest is always made on a sloping bank, and one side is higher than the other, the hinge being invariably placed on the highest side. The spider knows well that when placed in this way the door will fall and close itself pushed from the outside, and so nicely does it fit in the little groove made for it that the most careful observer can searcely discover where the joint is. Should the door be removed, another one will soon be put in its place. These spiders nunt their prey by night and deyour them in the nest. A pair of spiders, with twenty or thirty young ones, often

ive in one of these nests. One of the largest nests to be met with in this country is that of the labyrinthic spider, whose web everyone has seen, spiter, whose web everyone has seen, spread out like a large sheet in the hedges. The middle of this web, which is of a very close texture, is suspended like a sailor's hammock by fine silken threads fastened to higher branches. The whole curve upward, sloping down to a long funnel-shaped, gallery, nearly to a long funnel-shaped gallery, nearly horizontal at the entrance, but winding obliquely undil it becomes almost per pendicular. This gallery is about quarter of an inch in diameter, is more closely woven than the sheet part of the web, and generally desends into a hole in the ground or into a soft tuft of grass. Here is the spider's dwelling place, where he may be found resting with his legs extended, ready to spring and catch the hapless insects which get entangled in his sheet net.

The most famous of all spiders is the tarantula. It is an inhabitant of Italy, Cyprus and the East India. Its breast and abdomen are ash colored, as are also he wings, which have blackish rings on the inner side, its eyes are red, two of them being larger than the others and placed in the front of its head. Four others are placed in a transverse direction near the mouth, and the remaining two are close to the back. It generally ives in bare fields where the land is soft and it avoids damp, shady places, pre-ferring rising ground.

A SAFE RETREAT.

Its nest is four inches deep, half an inch wide and curved at the bottom, and here the insect retreats in unavoidable weather, weaving a web at the door for security aginst rain and dampness. In July it easts its skin and lays eggs to the number of 730, but does not live to rear the young, as it dies in the early winter. The bite of this spider was formerly regarded fatal. It was said that the bitten became greatly inflamed, sickness and faintness came on, followed by difficulty in breathing and then by death. The only cure resorted to was music. A musician was brought to the patient, and he tried one air after another until one was found that would make the sufferer The violence of the exercise brought on profuse perspiration, which cured the disorder. All this was long believed, but its truth was questioned, and investigation showed that the tarantula was harmless, and the supposed in-juries inflicted by it were made use of as an excuse for indulging in a dance similar to that of the priestess of Bacchus, which the introduction of christianity put

saint many chapels have been dedicated. A story is told that a gentlemen travelling in Italy several years ago was anxious to see the dance, but it was too early in the year to find the spider, the only thing he could do was to prevail upon a young woman, who had been bitten the year before, to go through the dance for him just as she did at that time. She

agreed to the proposal, and slow, dull music was played until the right chord was touched, when she started up with a frightful yell, staggering like a drunken person, holding a handkerchief in each person, holding a handkeremet in can-hand and moving correctly to the tune. As the music became more lively the more wildly she jumped about, shricking

A PAINFUL DANCE. The scene was most painful through-out. She was dressed in white and adorned with ribbons of various colors, and her hair fell loosely about her shoul-ders, which were covered with a white This is the manner in which the patients are all dressed.

There is another interesting species of this insect, the water diving spider. The diving spider is not satisfied as frogs are, with the air furnished by the water, but independently carries down a supply with him to his submarine territory. When the little diver wishes to inhale a fresh supply of water he rises to the sur-face with his body still in the water, generally coming up every fifteen minutes, although naturalists state that he can remain in the water several days. A thick coating of hair prevents his getting wet or otherwise inconvenienced. This spider spins his cell in the water. It is composed of closely woven, strong, white silk, and is shaped like half a pigeon's egg. Sometimes this nest is allowed to remain partly above the water, though generally it is submerged, and is attached by a great many irregular threads to some near object. The only opening is at the bottom. This is sometumes shut when the spider remains quietly at home with his head downward. He remains in this position during the winter months.

The Hebrews in Russia. National Republican: What a wonderful nation of people is that which sprung from the loins of the shepherd king, Abraham, wandering on the plains of

Chaldea. Ruled by prophets, priests and kings, they built up a mighty empire. rulers ranked among wisest of earth. This empire destroyed, the Hebrews became wanderers on the face of the earth, subjected everywhere, by chrisians and heathen, to dire persecutions. The laws against them were so proscrip tive that the nation of farmers and shepherds became traders and merchants

tries and they dared not in others.

It seemed as if the days of the Pharoahs were about to return and that the "chosen people" would once more be reduced to slavery as abject as that which existed when they lived upon the banks of the Pelusian branch of the Nile in the fertile plains of Goshen. Then only one nation oppressed. Now it looked as if the whole world had united

They could not own land in many coun-

against them. Yet in all their dire troubles, this people, scattered in every country, under burning suns or freezing skies, preserved their religion, their national characteristics, their wonderful literature, and, strange as it may seem, their literary ability. They remained the scholars of the world, as they were when the songs of David and Solomon were as grand as the thrones they filled. They were lawyers, critics, philosophers, poets, song writers, throughout all the long, dreary centuries of persecution.

It is only within a century that the world has begun to recognize that the "despised Jew" was a man, and entitled to the rights of a man. When this recognition began it spread, and there is now but one country claiming to be christian and civilized where the Jew has not equal

chances in the race of life.

And in that country—Russia—strange to say, the Hebrews have more than in any other followed the traditions of their race and been cultivators of the soil. Of .500,000 are inhabitants of the Russian empire, and while, of course, all forms of business, all trades and professions are represented in this large number of people, yet the vast majority of them are farmers.

Even in Russia and Poland, where so many of the race settled as refugees from persecution in other countries and became landholders, they were still subjected to various persecutions because their habits of thrift soon enabled them, though despoiled of everything when they came there, to acquire considerable estates.

Of late the Jews in Russia have been left in peace until within a few years, since when the populace once more commenced to rob, murder and drive them away. The government of Russia has not interfered to protect them, and some frightful outrages have been committed in the towns and villages of southern Russia. This persecution is so bitter that the Hebrew farmers of the country and they are the best, are endeavoring t migrate.

Unfortunately for these people, there is no government to interfere in their behalf. They are the subjects of Russia, and that government permits one clasof its inhabitants with perfect impunity to rob and murder another and better class. Other nations and people can only sympathize with the persecuted Israelites, but can not help them. It is to be hoped that in the event of a Russian war, when the ezar will have to call on the Hebrew money kings, that they can and will make the protection of the people of their race a condition precedent to any loan. This seems to be the only chance the Jews in Russia have for the future, except migration.

Church Fight Over a Window. Washington Post: The cordial re-lations which have so long ex-isted between the vestrymen of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal church and the Rev. Alexander Crummell, the rector, have been undergoing a very de-cided change within the last few weeks, and the trouble now threatens to be serious. The bone of contention is a beautiful memorial window which has been placed in the church in memory of the late Bishop Pinkney. The idea of plac-ing the memorial in the church originated with several of the vestrymen about a month ago, and met with the hearty co-operation of most of the members and

a majority of the vestry. But the rector bitterly opposed the idea from the start, on the ground that it would necessitate a needless and exor-bitant expenditure of money. In spite of the opposition of the rector \$260 was raised by contributions, and the window was purchased and put in the church. Then the congregation wanted it blessed, but not only did the rector refuse to bless the expensive glass himself but took pains to have his wishes known, and the congregation was unable to get any other minister to bless their new window against the expressed wishes of the recor of the church. The congregation pleaded and committes were appointed to wait on the rector and argue the expediency of an early blessing ceremony with him of-ficiating. One after another the committees failed, and then a secret meeting was held to determine on some means to was held to determine on some means to bring the obdurate rector to terms. There was only one way left by which they could get the costly window blessed, and that was an appeal to Bishop Paret-Regretfully a lengthy letter of griev-ances was written to the bishop, with a request that he instruct the Crummell to

request that he instruct Dr. Crummell to bless the window, Learning of this meeting, Dr. Crum-mell sent a letter to Bishop Paret on the an end to. Those who were not imposters were merely afflicted in consequence of the bite with that nervous illness known as St, Vitus dances, and to this anxiously awaiting the bishop's decision.

NATURE'S MAJESTIC WONDER

The Present and Future Benefits of the Mysterious Fluid.

ELECTRICITY AND HYGIENE

Electric Pot Boiling-What Lightning Tastes Like-Execution By Electricity-Whence Comes the Wonder-Flashes.

Electricity and Hygiene. Sanitary science, says Popular Science

News, now claims electricity as an ally and helper. The introduction of the electric light is according to this authority, to be encouraged on hygienic grounds. Whether the light is in some cases injurious to the eyes is not fully settled; but if this be the case, it is to be regarded as a disadvantage incident to the present rudimental state of the enterprise, and sure to be obviated by improved appliances. Meanwhile we know that the use of the new light in churches, public halls and similar places of assembly, has been of immense advantage to the purity of the air, hitherto vitiated by the combustion of gas. oil and kindred agents that depend on atmospheric oxygen for their illuminating power. No doubt readers have noticed that the air in a large room lighted by electricity is both purer and cooler than one lighted by gas or oil.

Electric Pot Boiling. The Centrablatt Elektrotechnik an nounces that the Edison German society has constructed an electric kettle, in which the source of heat is constituted by a bobbin of resistance, placed in a recipent, furnished exteriorly by a circular proturbance in the form of a cushion, with a hole in the middle and on which the kettle rests.

With this apparatus a liter of water can be made to boil in lifteen minutes with a current which comes to le by tariff of the Mynicipal Society of Electricity, of Berin, and which would cost still less if one had and manipulated his own installa-

The electric boiler is made of copper, of an elegant form, and reposes on a plate of polished wood.

Whence Comes Lightning? A writer in the Philadelphia Ledger

says: In a late number of the Ledger of 27 an article appeared from "Chambers" in regard to the question whether electricity went from the earth to the clouds, and the statement that it often does was regarded as something new. Permit me to say that when Franklin and Kinnersley were making their "Philadelphia experi-ments" this same question was before them, and in September, 1753, Dr. F. "Philadelphia vrote to Peter Collinson that they had inferred the clouds were generallly in a negative state, but sometimes were positive. He says: "The latter, I believe, is rare, for, though I soon after the last experiment set out on a journey to Boston and was from home most part of he summer, which prevented my further making trials and observations, yet Mr. Kinnersley, returning from the Islands (the Bermudes, whither he had gone for his health) just as I left home, pursued the experiments during my absence, and informed me that he always found the clouds in the negative state, so that, for the most part, in the thunder strokes, it is the earth that strikes into the clouds, and not the clouds that strike into the earth." On the 18th of April, 1754, Franklin wrote again to Mr. Collison as follows: "Since September last, having been abroad on two long ourneys and otherwise much engaged, I have made but two observations on the positive and negative state of the elec-tricity in the clouds. But Mr. Kinnerthe 8,000,000 Hebrews now in existence | sley kept his rod and bells in good order, and has made many. Once this winter the bells rang a long time during a fall of snow, though no thunder was heard nor lightning seen flashes and tric matter seen. Sometimes the cracks of the elec-

tric matter between bell and bell were so large and loud as to be heard all over the house: but by all his observations the clouds were constantly in a negative state till about six weeks ago, when he found them once to change in a few minutes from the negative to the positive. About a fortnight after that he made another observation of the same kind, and last Monday after-noon, the wind blowing hard at northeast and veering round to southeast, with many thick driving clouds, there were five or six changes from negative to posiive and from positive to negative, the bells stopping a minute or two between

It is but proper in this day of scientific dvance to recall what our early Philadelphia philosophers were doing in the same direction 134 years ago. Their discoveries created as much excitement and wonder then as are now caused by Edison and other scientists.

What Lightning Tastes Like. Altoona (Pa.) Tribune: During the storm yesterday Rev. J. L. Russell, of the Second Presbyterian church, was having a tooth filling at the office of Dr. J. W. Miller. Dr. Miller's brother was assisting in the operation, holding a punch to press in the filling. There was a vivid by a loud crash of thunder, Instantly the assistant dropped the implement he was holding in his hand, and began to expectorate vigoronsly, at the same time vociferating that "he never tasted anything so sour in his life." It was some time before he got the nasty taste out of his mouth. It seems that he was in line with the electric current, and that is the way it acted on him. Telegraph operators, we are told, frequently have he same experience during an electrical

Execution by Electricity.

Park Benjamin in the Forum: Death

caused by a powerful electric current is substantially the same thing as death by lightning stroke. It is instancous an painless, for no opportunity is afforded for any sensation to be recognized. In order that the brain may take cognizance of any impression transmitted to it by the nerves, a measurable period of time is required. This Professor Helmholtz estimates at one-tenth of a second, so that if, for example, the finger be pricked with a pin, this interval is required for the sensation to be telegraphed, so to speak, to the brain. If then death can be caused in less than one tenth of a second, it follows, necessarily, that no matter how great the pain otherwise might be, it is impossible for it to be felt As to the deterrent influence of this form of execution upon the lawless classes, is believed that no other mode of inflict ing death could inspire stronger fear. Even those accustomed to deal with electricity every day of their lives cannot dives themselves of an undefined impression of mystery, which seems to surround the form of energy, of the very nature of which all men are ignorant. The lack of popular knowledge of even the most elementary electrical laws is remarkable, and this deficiency is by no means con-fined to the illiterate masses. People still attribute to electricity almost every which they cannot understand as much as they did 100 years ago. Electro-biology, odic force, psychic force, mes-merism and all other shadowy theories based on odd psychical

based on odd psychical or physical man-

ifestations or coincidences are ascribed

Guillotin, s of that administered and the re-famous com-their crushing mittee, administered their crushing blow to Mesmer's electrical pretensions. No death is more dreaded than that which is mysterious, "Died by a visitation of Providence," we say when the mystery cannot be fathomed. The swift obliteration of life following certain failures of vital organs causes the utmost apprehension. We add to the litany a prayer for deliverance from "sudden" death. From the earliest ages superstitions of almost every conceivable form and character have clustered about the lightning stroke, and many of them still survive. It is not difficult to conceive that the instant extinction of life in a strong man by an agency which it is impossible to see, which is unknown, may create in the ignorant mind feelings of the deepest awe and horror, and prove the most formidable of all means for preventing crime.

Electric Motor Experiments. Philadelphia Times: Half-a-dozen New ork capitalists, as many prominent Philadelphians, and many newspaper men met yesterday to witness a series of tests with an ordinary street car stored with electrical energy. The experiments were successful. A line of rail 1,050 feet in length had been laid down in the yard, with curves at a radius of thirty-three feet, steep inclines with a rise of five per cent., and placed in such a manner that every reasonable test could be applied to the invention to prove its practicability. I'ne car used was one of the People's Passenger railway, which has done regu-lar service. To this car was attached an lectric motor, suspended upon one of the axies underneath the car. The storage battery consisted of eighty-four small cells placed under the seats. capacity of each cell is 150 Ampore ohms and is equivalent to two-fifths of a horse power for one hour for each box, giving storage energy of about thirty-four

forse power hours.
Thirty-three people crowded on the car on its first journey, and the vehicle ran along with perfect smoothness and en-tirely under the control of the driver, who manipulated a small handle. The car was stopped and started with ease on the straigth, at the curves and on the steep grade. It wasstopped and reversed instantly, and every test applied was answered satisfactorily by the little ma-chine. The rate of travel averaged from one to ten miles an hour, without noise or vibration, and with smoothness. The whole propelling apparatus is out of sight and there is no danger to persons touching any part of it. The car was completely under the control of electric ty, the alarm bells, the signals and the lighting all being automatically per-

formed instantaneously.

The plates can be recharged by means of a dynamo machine of ten-horse power, driven by a gas engine, and they then are placed in the car on trays by one man. A force of ten-horse power for four hours is required to charge the accumulators once, and if they are replaced four times a day (which is more than is really necessary) the cost of steam power, inclusive of wages, water, oil and repairs to engine, would amount to \$1.60 a day of sixteen hours. Messrs. Kemble and Widener have granted the use of their lines for the purpose of perfecting the invention, and before a week has passed an electro-motor car will be gliding along the streets of Philadelphia.

A DUEL TO THE DEATH. Being Forced to a Duel by a Bully, I

Make a Choice of Method. I was a participant in the hardest fighting at Gettysburg, and I was at Fredericksburg, the Wilderness and sec-ond Bull Run, but I am telling you honestly that I would take my chances over again in all of those fights rather than stand up to be shot at by a single man in what is called a duel. It has been my misfortue to be forced into two affairs of

the kind, and I speak by the card. Two years previous to the war business of a legal nature called me to Charleston. There was litigation over a legacy, and the feeling between the heirs was anything but pleasant. The leader of those seeking to break the will was a middle aged South Carolinian of fiery temper, while the leader of those inheriting was a man from Ohio. It was made plain to me before I had been in Charleston two days that the contestants were determined to go to any length. The judge of the court was an old man who could be brow-beaten and bluffed, their two lawyers were noted for the number of duels they had fought, and the heirs had no friends in or out of court. I was at once approached with a direct offer to sell out. A person was sent to my room at the hotel to make me an offer, and within an hour after he was kicked out the enemy tried another move. The following note was sent to me through the office of the hotel:

MR. BLANK: I beg you to beed the warning of a friend. Withdraw from the case of Crane agt. Cox and save your life. You will surely be killed if you don't. I laughed at the idea. Had I arrived in Charleston to stir up trouble among the slaves I should have expected to take my chances of being knifed, shot, or lynched, but if the contestants in a will case could drive me off by threats, or dared attempt my life, the come to a pretty pass. As I did not know who had sent the note 1 could not reply to it, nor did I let its contents bother my

or it might be a ruse on the part of the enemy I had about four days to prepare for the opening of my case. It was on call for Tuesday. On Monday afternoon I had occasion to go to the public library to hunt up some dates and to look through the files of the Mercury. I was engaged in this work when a tall, slim representative Southerner entered the room. He had long black hair, black eyes, dark complexion and a nervous movement. After making a turn or two around the room he approached the table at which I stood and said

mind. It might have come from a friend,

"You have taken an unwarranted lib-In what respect?"

"I always come here at this hour to consult those files, and you have thrust vourself in to insult me. 'My dear sir, I was never in this room before to-day, and so far from being aware of your habit I did not even know of your existence. I am through with the file, and am also about ready to vacate the room, which I suppose is pub-

"There's my card, sir!" he exclaimed as he jerked a pasteboard from his vest pocket and extended it. The card bore the address: "A. Me-Knight, New Orleans." It wasn't a bit ingular that he had it handy to throw at me, for he had come prepared. "Glad to meet you, sir," I said, as I

read the address.
"You have insulted me, and I demand satisfaction. A friend of mine will wait on you this afternoon."

With that he turned and walked off, leaving me completely upset. I sat down to think it over, and it did not take me long to come to the conclusion that it was the work of the contestants. They had imported a man, probably a profes-sional duellist, to force me into a duel and have me killed off. He had entered the library for no other purpose than to force a quarrel, and a flimsier pretext for a duel was never heard of. I was a man of peace and would have sacrificed much to keep out of trouble, but this thing fired my blood, and I seized my hat and ran out on the street, determined, if I could tind McKight, to give him a better excuse for calling me out. As luck would have it, I encountered him within a hundred steps. He was coming toward me, and as we met I gave him a vigorous slap across the mouth with my open hand. He reached for his pistol to shoot me down to electricity as freely to-day as they reached for his nistol to shoot me down were before Franklin, Lavoisier, then and there, but I seized him by the

shoulders and flung him against a dead wall with such force that he was stunned. I walked off and left him lying there in a heap, and although I now realized that it was impossible for me to refuse a challenge, I was much better satisfied than before. If I must fight there was some excuse for it. excuse for it.

In about two hours the leader of the contestants called upon me as the friend and second of McKnight. He was in an exultant mood. McKnight was a profes-sional duellist, and I must fight at great odds or sneak out of the city and abandon the case. I think he counted on my making an abject apology and agreeing to leave the city, for he was greatly cast down when I said:

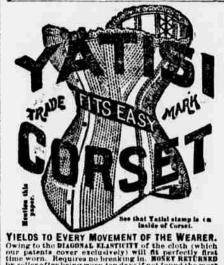
"I believe that duelling is but another name for murder, but under present cir-cumstance I shall sink my scruples and accept the challenge. Under the rules of the code I have the choice of weapons. Return here at 9 o'clock in the morning and I will name the weapons and will also be ready to proceed to the field."

He argued that no true gentleman would ask for anything more than pistols and ten paces, but I was firm. The meeting was settled for the second morning at 8 o'clock, and the second went away to wait for my decision. Was I upset? Yes. Did I have a cowardly fear? No. It was a nightmare. My feelings were like those of a man who knows that he is to be led out to death at a certain date. I was as firmly resolved to fight that man as I could resolve on anything, but the burden on my mind was enough to un-string every nerve. I was no shot with pistol or rifle, and I had never handled a sword. He had every advantage in that respect. Two-thirds of the day had passed before I made up my mind how we should tight. It would be certain death to both, but it was the only way to even up our chances. We should stand foot to foot, with the muzzles of the pistols at each other's hearts. When McKnight's second came for the

decision, and I gave it to him, he turned whiter than snow. He offered to accept any sort of apology, and he finally offered to let the matter drop, but I re-fused in each and every instance. It was my turn to force things. The matter got out somehow as those things will. I had arranged the affair without a second, which was irregular, and gave them a loophole of escape. Then half a dozen different parties came forward with offers to act, and the duel had to go on, though it was thirty-six hours later than the time originally agreed upon. While I was forcing the issue all this time, I was suffering in a mental way as a man would who saw a cannon being loaded to send a shell at him. I drew up my will, wrote farewell letters, and said good-by to the world, and when I at last stood face to face with my adversary I had been tortured into a determination to kill and be killed. Nothing he could have offered me would have induced me to

change my mind. McKnight had fought seven duels and killed five of his men, but the terms of this one shook his nerves. He toed the mark on brandy instead of courage. His seconds had to fairly push him to the mark, and it was only at the last moment that he showed anything like grit. stood foot to foot, each pistol held against the other man, and then the seconds stepped back and we waited for the word. It came in a few seconds, but during that brief interval I suffered more than any soldier did in half a dozen battles. It was good by to the world forever. It was death as soon as a trigger was pulled.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" exclaimed the man who was to give the word, but the word did not come. Mc-Knight suddenly dropped his pistol, threw up his hands, and then fell down in a fit which kept him unconscious for three hours and in bed for a month. The torture had been too great. Within ten seconds of death he broke down, not to save his life, but because the limit of human endurance had been reached.



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